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THE LITTLE GOD
KATHARINE HOWARD





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THE LITTLE GOD

Child Verse for Grown-ups

BY

KATHARINE HOWARD

Author of "The Book of the Serpent," "Eve,"
"Candle Flame," "Poems," etc.

With illustrations by the author



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TO
THE POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA
IN TRUST FOR
THE LITTLE GODS OF THE FUTURE



PART I





THE LITTLE GOD

Mother says there's a little god
Lives in my garden.
I asked her— "In the tree?"—
I asked her— "In the fountain?"
And she said, yes, that she,
Plain as plain could be,
Everywhere could see
The little god.
"What's he look like, mother?"
"Oh," she said, "like the flowers,
Like the summer showers,
Like the morning dew,—
Like you."
She says he's everywhere
In my garden—I can't see him there.



THE APPLE SEED

Once a little girl planted
An apple seed—Mother did it;
Now it is a tall tree.
I wonder how tall I'll grow
When I'm as big as I can be—
Perhaps I'll have to be planted, too,
Before I can reach high,
Way up into the blue,
Clear up into the sky.

VIOLETS

I just ate six violets,
'Cause they tasted good;
I hope they understood.
I hope they know
It was because I love them so.

I've been wondering how
The taste gets in;
I've been wondering how
The smell gets out.
Mother says I've worn her out
Asking why and what it's all about;
She said I'd understand sometime,—
I'll be told when I'm enough old.



PUSSY WILLOW

Willow, willow, pussy willow!
Are you growing kitten tails?
Willow, willow, kitten willow!
Come closer on my pillow
Till I see what you are made of.
Are you going to be a cat-tail by the brook?
Let me pull your fur to pieces, let me look.

Willow, willow, kitten willow!
Mother put you on the pillow
by my head
'Cause I can't get up to-day;
So you have come to play.

'Cause I ate too many flowers,
Now I have to pass the hours,
Like them, in bed—
That's what mother said.
Willow, willow, pussy willow!
Come closer on my pillow.



CROCUSES

Crocuses are jolly little things;
They never mind the weather.
I like to call them little cusses,
 But mother fusses.
In my garden there's a lot of them
 together,—
Poked their heads out of the dirt
And laughed at the bad weather,—
 Laughed all together;
Double ones and single,
Such a jolly crowd!
I forgot and said out loud,
“Cunning little cusses,”—
And mother fusses.



THE WORM

When I was first begun
I crept like a worm. 'Twas fun,—
I can't remember, but I guess 'twas fun.
They have a lot of creepers—more than I;
I wonder why.
When they grow up they'll get ahead,—
They have such lots of creepers.
Mother said they creep slow
'Cause they've a long way to go.
I love to see them squirm;
I wish I could remember
When I was just a worm.

THE SUNBEAM

Sometimes
When the sun shines
In my window about bedtime
It makes a golden road
Down to the floor.
I like to kneel there
And say my prayer
Sunset time,—about seven,
When things are going home.
It must lead straight into the sun
For sunbeams to run home on
When the day is done.





A CHANGE OF WEATHER

My violets are cross with me;
They have a look that seems to say,
"Go away! we don't want to play."
I just yelled at them, "You're queer!"
And they pretended not to hear.
Bad tempers, I suppose;
Mother said, "Yes, why not?"
She said they knew
What they were about.
They wanted the sky blue,
And the sun to come out,—
And the sun did.
He laughed and so did they;
There was a changed weather,
And we all laughed together.



THE MIZ

There's lots of things that grown-ups
Can't seem to understand.
They don't know much about the Miz;
I know: it's neither sea nor land;
It's where the things are made;
It's the Beginnings' place.
I often go there in the night;
The sand man sits upon my face
So I can't see them, quite.
They squirm about an awful lot,
For most of them are tails;
Some look like inky spread-out blots,
And some may grow to whales.
I talked to Daddy of the Miz.
He says there's no such place,
But I just know there is.
It's in the Bible, too;
It's on the page, "Thou shalt not steal."
It tells about the sea and all that
 in the Miz.
So when he says there's no such place,
Why, I just know there is.

I WONDER

Oh, dear! I wonder lots of things
About the words the Bluebird sings,
He swings and swings on the trees,
Or perhaps it's the breeze
Swings him.

Oh, dear! I wonder everything,—
If it's just happiness they sing.
Then perhaps birds have no
Need of words;
They have wings and we have words.

I RAN AWAY

I ran away.
I climbed the garden wall,
And ran into the day;
It was so big and wide
I couldn't play.
I don't know why,
But I was quite afraid,—
Just God and I
Alone in the daylight.
I was afraid He couldn't
See me from the sky,
I felt so small.

I couldn't play at all.
The wild flowers
Were different from ours.
And then, some way or other,
I grew afraid of God,—
I wanted Mother.

THE AWFULLEST THISTLES

Theophilus Thistle and his mate
Are standing guard outside the gate.



IN MY GARDEN

There's a great, big, striped peony
 In my garden,
With her leaves all smooth and sheeny;
She's the mother of them all.
There's a larkspur, blue and tall,
Standing close against the wall,—
Seems as if she's reaching up
 Toward the sky.
Soon she'll be as tall as I;
Maybe because she's blue
 Like the sky
She wants to go to heaven too.

MY FOUNTAIN

The birds bathe in my fountain.
They say, "Tweet, tweet,"
And get in with their feet.—
Lots of things a boy can't do
 'Cause mother's 'fraid.

Once I was in the garden night-time,
And I saw a star—by moon-shine;
It had come from far and high,
Away up in the sky,
To bathe in my fountain.

I stirred the water with a stick
And made some splashes,
And then the star broke all to bits
In little flashes;—
I reached pretty far
Trying to poke that star.

Something mother's made of
Makes her very 'fraid of
 Things I do.



THE ROSE

This morning when I came awake,
There was a rose in full bloom
Looking right in my window.
I knew her when she was a bud
Just the other day;
Now she is a rose, come to stay
Until her leaves fall off.
When they're all off
She'll go away.
She won't be a rose—
But she'll return, she knows.
She won't go far,
And I'll save her leaves
In my rose jar.

THE HONEY BEE

I picked a honey bee.
He must have thought I was a flower,
'Cause he stuck himself in me.
I didn't cry—I just screamed—
Oh, it seemed an hour
Till Mother came.
I made an awful row,—
But I'm all well now.
He was a silly bee,
Trying to get honey out of me.
I know: he heard Mother
Call me honey, and he thought
He'd see.

THE POBLUM

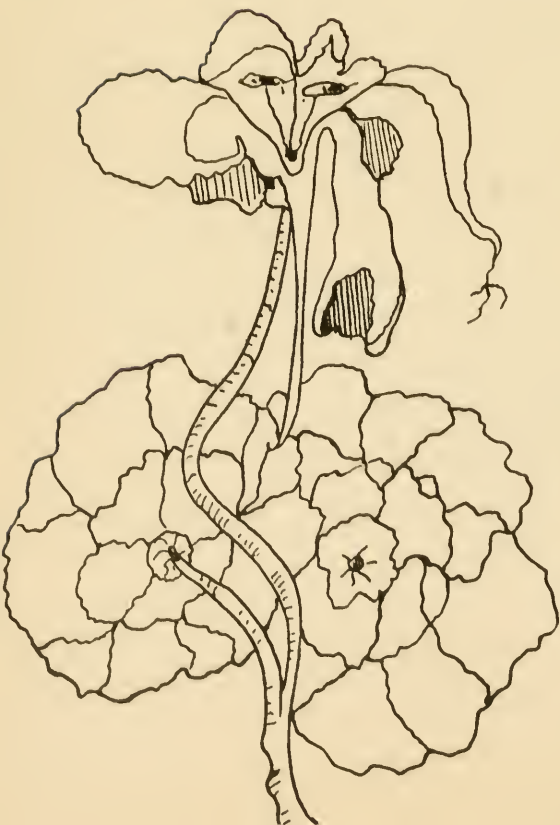
I heard Daddy say—talking
to Mother—he said,
“Life’s a poblum—wonder if
We’ll know when we’re dead.”
Funny the way these grown-ups talk:
Other day he took me for a walk,—
Buttercups and butterflies in the field
Everywhere.
Daddy said, “This day is very fair.”
I said, “Life’s a poblum—
Wonder if we’ll know when
We’re dead.”
And Daddy said, quite cross, “That’s
enough—
Where’d you hear such stuff?”
I didn’t dare to ask, but I’ll find out
some day—
What is a poblum, anyway.



TAGS

The gardener put tags on my flowers:
“Labels,” he said.—I took them off.
Mother doesn’t know what got into my head;
I acted like a wildflower, she said.

I don’t know,—
I didn’t like them, so—I took them off.
I’m not to do so any more:
I’ve promised—’cause I tore
Them all first go.
We don’t like tags, the flowers and me,—
We like to be
All free and free,
My flowers and me.



GROWING UP

Once, when I was very little,
More than a year ago,
I heard some roses singing,—
Else I dreamed it,

I don't know.

Mother says they're singing now,
But I don't hear—
Makes me wonder which is real:
Dreams or daytimes.

More than a year—
A year's so long, I think,—
Such a long ways to go in hours.
I wish I could be done new each year,
Same as my flowers.

FLOWER OR WEED

One day I peeked into a seed,—

I worried fear it was a weed.

I couldn't see the leastest tiny mite,

And mother said the fault was with

My sight.

“Listen!” she said. “Now do you hear

An angel sing?

Now do you hear the flutter of a wing?”

I couldn't hear a single thing—

Although I do sometimes.

She said the fault was with my ears,

And I just bursted into tears.

SWEET PEAS

Oh! my sweet peas are out,
All the whole row—
Looks like a rainbow!
I wonder if they know
What they're about.
It's such a chilly day, and showers
Kind of hard on new flowers.

They look like humming-birds
Perching along a twig,—
All sorts of ones, little and big.
Only they don't whir
Like humming-birds and bees;
They don't stir
Unless the wind shakes them—
'Cause they're my sweet peas.

I've been thinking perhaps they were birds
And got so attached and clinging
 They forgot singing,
And so at last they got caught
 To the sweet-pea vine,
'Course, it's why their leaves
Look like wings:—
When I think hard it's easy
To explain things.



MY RAMBLER ROSE

My Rambler rose climbs

 In the night.

I watch all day and she stays still,

But in the night she grows.

You see, she is a rambling rose.

I wish she'd ramble in the day.

Sometimes I hardly move away,

I want so much to see her climb.

I think maybe she will sometime—

I care so much that, when she knows,

She'll let me watch her while she grows,—

 My Rambler rose.

DADDY ROSE

I've hunted all the morning
To find a daddy rose.
The red rose has a secret:
There's something sweet she knows;
She told it to a honey bee,—
I wish that she'd tell me.

I know! I know!
I watched, and now I know
The secret of the rose.
I know and the bee knows,—
There isn't any daddy rose.
He was a daddy bee,
And the red rose and he
Have made a butterfly,—
I saw it in the sky.



THE DRAGON-FLY

To-day I saw a dragon-fly,—
Blue as the sky
And sort of purple;
I think he is a flower with wings,
Such bright whizzy things,—
Seems as if he sings
When he flies.

Perhaps he's growing to a bird.
Mother says, "There's no knowing,—
Everything's on the way."—
Perhaps I'll be a bird some day.

GETTING MISTOOK

Toadstools are wicked,
Mushrooms are good,—
And yet they look the same:
I guess it's so with me,—
Hard telling me apart
When I am good from when
I'm bad.

Some things are wild, some things
are tame,
And look almost the same:
I guess it's easy to get mistook
By way things look.

It's easy to tell wrong from right
'Cept some person interferes,—
Something inside of me that no one
hears tells me,
But then that person says,
"Oh, no—
That isn't right,—that isn't so."
I don't think it's very much
That persons know.



BUTTERFLIES

I dance with butterflies,
They dance with me;
They fly from flowers to flowers
All of the day-time hours.

I wonder if they dance at night,—
I cannot see them by starlight;
Perhaps they go to dream upon a star,
Their wings can fly so far.

Once I had wings, because
I fly in dreams;
And so it seems
I wouldn't know the way,—
Only I had wings some day
 Long ago.

AFTER THE STORM

Something happened in my garden
in the night:
When I went to bed my flowers were
there all right;
When the storm was over, I went out
And found their petals scattered all about.
I looked and looked, but all I found
Was leaves and leaves upon the ground.

Mother says, because it's Fall;
I don't understand at all.
The leaves have fallen 'cause it's Fall?—
It doesn't sound like sense at all
'Less that is how it got its name,
'Cause Fall and Autumn is the same.

I'm feeling sort of sad to-day,—
There seems so much to what I say.
Last night I went to bed so glad,
But now I'm feeling sort of sad.

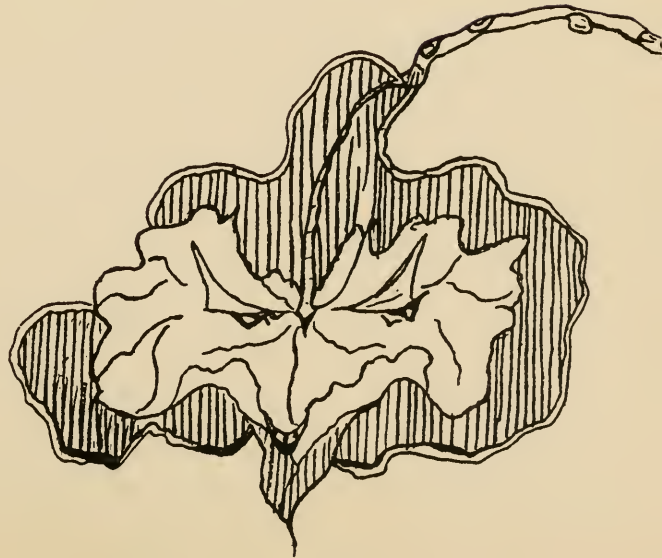


When I have gone to sleep to-night
And Mother has put out the light,
Maybe I won't wake up at all,
And Mother'll say, "Because it's Fall."

Now Mother's tucked me into bed,
And there were lots of things she said,
'Cause I am feeling very sad
Although I have done nothing bad.

My dear old flowers are all gone dead,
But there were lots of things she said:
She said, "Next Spring the flowers will grow
Just as they did last Spring, you know,
They've hid themselves inside their seeds
For fear of Jack Frost's naughty deeds."

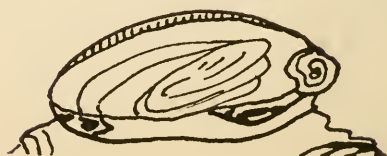
When it grows very cold indeed
I guess I'll crawl inside my seed.



FAIRIES

Mother lit the fairy lantern
When I went to bed
'Cause 'twas Hallowe'en,
And there came into my room
All the trees I've ever seen
And bowed to me.

They waved their branches over me
And grew against the wall,—
Young trees they were
That stood up straight and tall.
Mother said, "Do you see fairies?"
I had thought them leaves.
Perhaps it's just what one believes,
'Cause when she said it,
There were fairies everywhere.



THE LITTLE BEAST

Mother said that I must always tell
The truth, and it would make her glad;
For so I'd be an honorable gentleman as well
As a dear little lad.

To-day a person came to tea.
Mother and Daddy both agreed,
Before she came, that she
Was just as horrid as could be.
And then they made her tea
As sweet, as sweet,
And put a footstool to her feet
And gave the biggest cake.
I thought they had made some mistake.
I'd be an honorable gentleman, and so
When she got up to go
I told her what they'd said.



And now I'm put to bed.
Mother's not glad;
She didn't call me
Her dear little lad.
I seem to have been bad
Because I told the truth;
She says I must not tell it
Like a little beast,
That I must be polite at least.

I'm not an honorable gentleman
Nor a dear little lad;
I'm just a growly little beast
With scratchy claws,—and all because
I told the truth:—at least
I am a truthful beast.

Mother just came and kissed my eyes;
I growled and showed my scratchy claws,—
And then she said she loved me
'Cause—
I was her little beast.





THE LITTLE VOICE

We were in the pantry by ourself,
Me and the cake;
It looked so pleasant on the shelf,
I climbed up there myself.
I heard a little voice inside the cake
Say, "Eat me." I don't think 'twas a
mistake.

I pretended I was a little mouse
Trying to get inside my house;
The little voice was crying to come out,
And so I nibbled all the edge about.—
Then mother came, and all at once I knew
It was a wrong thing to do.
I wasn't being good,
But mother understood:
Mother's so dear when I have things to tell,
And she can make a hurt place well.



SHADOWS ON THE WALL

Sometimes in winter
When I've gone to bed,
The firelight shines upon the wall;
The shadows flicker here and there,
And I can't go to sleep at all.
Queer shapes are dancing everywhere,
And I can make them, too;
I make them with my hands,—
Geese and hens and foxes too,
And beasts that live in foreign lands.

I make them eat each other up;
The elephant eats his brother up.—
And then—I'm so afraid
I pray to God my soul to keep,
And then I go to sleep.

BEFORE I CAME

Grown-ups are always telling
About things happened
Before I came;
Nothing's the same now I've come.
Funny, I think.
Things happened to me, too,
Before I came;
Nothing's the same.
I know I had wings:
I remember how I flew.
Those are some of the things
I remember night-times.—
I do it in dreams
So I won't forget too.

MOODS

Mother has moods and I have moods:

They're queer.

Sometimes I see them clear,—

That's when they're through

tormenting me.

Their hair is black as black can be,

It sticks out straight and

frightens me;

And they have eyes that look out,

Down, all turned about,—

They look the wrong way out.

They come and take us when they please

And make us do the things they like.

She says that we must make them

Do the things we like,

And then perhaps they'll go away

To that place where they stay.

It must be dismal in the house

Where black moods live;

When I have extra happiness to give

I'll send them some.

I'll send it on the wings of joy;—

They won't refuse it from a little

boy.

PART II







SUMMER

Summer's come. How my garden grows:—
Violets in bunches, pansies all in rows,—
Same old pansies wearing faces
That they wore last year—
Laughing at me—looking queer
Out the corners of their eyes,
Making believe that they are
Awful wise.

Oh, I'm going to have such lovely fun,
For the summer's just begun;
I'm not going to dread the fall,
'Cause after all
Mother Nature tucks them in their seed,
Just as Mother tucks me into bed
For the sleep I need.



BULLDOGS ON A STEM

Like little bulldogs on a stem
My pansies look,—I bark at them;
Perhaps if I could hark
Enough, I'd hear them bark
at me.
If they had tails they might get free
And run around and play with me.



SMELLERS

Lilies of the valley
Smell sweeter than the others;
They're my favorites and Mother's
 for smellers.

They seem to catch my breath
And make me glad,—
Somehow it's mixed with feeling sad.
Everything seems mixed,—

 I wonder why?
I think I'd like to mix things too.
Maybe it's why I like the lilies' smell,
Because they're sad and glad together,
And so being mixed is just as well;
It isn't bad,—it's like the sun
And rain in April weather.

WHEN MOTHER SINGS

There are some things
I remember when Mother sings
Before I sleep.
Once I was a blue flower
On a tall green stem;
I grew on a hillside
And could see far and wide;
I didn't feel alone,
For growing near
There was a vine
Red in the sunshine.
There are some things
I remember
When Mother sings
Before I sleep.

WILD LILIES

Once I planted some wild lilies
from the wood;

Now they have become quite
tame and good.

Mother says they're full of graces,—
I think they've very funny faces.

Every morning I'm afraid they'll
not be there;

Though I weed and water them with care,
I'm very much afraid they'll
run away,

'Cause mother says I'll find them
gone some day.

I wonder why mother said I'd find
them gone some day;—

Does it mean I too must run away?

Must I go and find them where they stay?

I think about it lots while I'm at play.





FLOWER FACES

When very hard and long I look,
My flowers have faces that I've
 seen in a book,—
Or perhaps it was a fan.
I think I could see anything
If I looked long enough;
It's things I'm thinking of I see,—
They all come out to play with me.

Sometimes I get afraid; I say,
"I do not like you, go away!"
But they won't go, they stay;
And I go somewhere else to play.



ASTERS AND ASTERS

Asters and asters, a whole row
All alike,—must be brothers
Or sisters, I don't know which.
I don't love them as I do the others.
They're not wild; they're tame,—
And they look all the same.
I wonder if they feel that way.
They won't play,—
They just look at me and say
 nothing.
Oh, dear! I'll go the other path
 to play.
They're so dull—I'll run away;
I won't come near them all day,
 So there!
They won't care—they'll only say
 nothing.

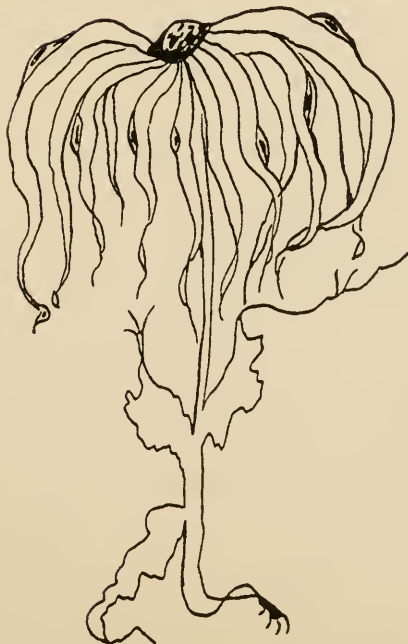


MOTHER NATURE

I just picked a rose to pieces.
I've been thinking about
All the work that Mother Nature does
Before a rose is ready to come out,—
All the different parts,
And other things, like those
Things you can't tell about,—
The looks and the smell of a rose.
There must be very much that
Mother Nature knows;
I think she did experiments
Before she did a rose.

FEELING CROOKED

Life's hard, I think.
It's been hard all day.
I've had a crooked feeling inside,
And everything I did was the same way.
Mother says when I'm better inside
I'll be better outside.
I'm going to see:
I'll be as good as I can be.





ALL IN THEIR BEST

The flowers are dressed
All in their best
Because it is their season;
But I think that the reason
Is that I'm going to have my fête,
And they are afraid
They might be late.



AUNTIE

I

Auntie's come. She's a girl;
She's Daddy's sister,—
And her hair's all a yellow curl.
She goes this way when she walks,
As if she had a tail,—
Wriggle, wriggle like a fish,
And she laughs while she talks.
About night time she's some fun:
Lets me play with her hair,
And tells me stories that scare.
It shouldn't be done, Mother says,
'Cause I had a night-mare
All wound in Auntie's hair.
I couldn't get loose;
I tried so very hard,—and then
I cried.
Mother says there's no excuse.

Auntie's gone away;
She couldn't stay.
She's coming back some day;
She's going to be my wife.
I'll have her all my life,
All tangled in her yellow hair—
Such soft hair.
But I'm sort of 'fraid of
That night-mare.
I think I'll need Mother too;
If the hair wound tight
And the mare galloped in the night,
Mother would know what to do.—
Yes, I'll need Mother too.



THE CANNIBAL

Mignonette and violets and roses,—
All these smelly ones I think
are made for noses.

I like them best.

Makes the others sort of mad,
you see;

They've been sticking out their tongues
at me.

I'm so glad that we have summer showers,
'Cause I couldn't live without my flowers.
Sometimes I love them so I eat them;
Mother says it's how a cannibal would
treat them.

ON THE WAY TO DOVER

Mother says Land's End
Is at Penzance,
And clear days you can see
'Most to France.
But I know—Auntie told me—
There's an edge at Dover
Where I could see things
If I looked over.

I climbed on top the gate-post
And looked down the road;
Something was hopping by,—
It was a toad.
I think he was on the way to
Dover,
Going to the edge to look over.
They are so free, toads are,—
They can hop so far.



DANDY-LIONS

The dandy-lions in the field
Have sent a lot of ships a-flying
Over my garden wall;
With their white sails they're trying
To take my garden for their own;
Lots and lots of them have flown
 over the wall.

Mother calls them yellow perils;
I call them dandy-lions.
I'd like to have them come some more,—
I'd like to have them in and
 hear them roar.

Mother says they must be kept outside the
 wall

Or there'll be no other flowers at all;
Perhaps they'd devour them—so they must
 come no more.

But oh! I want to hear them roar.

THE ZOO AT TEA

I

I'm going to invite the Zoo to tea,—
It's just pretend, as you will see.
The Elephant and the Kangaroo—
I know a rhyme about those two.
I think the Hartebeeste and the Gnu
Should go into a poem too.
Giraffes are queer; they don't fit in.
They're very different indeed,—
Their necks keep getting in the way;
One never knows how long they'll stay.
But Elephants are lovely things;
When they are angels they'll have wings.
Perhaps their ears might grow enough
If they could have some more ear stuff.
I think that Elephants were flowers
A little different from ours;
Maybe they were a giant's flowers
And helped him pass his lonely hours.

The Lion and the Tiger,—oh!
What will I have for them to eat?
I think the Tea will seem quite slow
Unless they have a little meat.
Suppose they ate the others up,—
The monkeys and the china pup!—
Of course I have invited him,—
They'd break him if they bited him.
I think I won't invite the Zoo.
The kitten and the pup will do,
And tiger lilies three or two.
Some dandy-lions might get through;
There is a place if they but knew,—
I made it in the wall.



BUGABOO

Down in the corner of my garden

There is something—

Bugaboo—bugaboo!

I'm not afraid of you.

What makes you do that way,—

What makes you cry woo! woo?

Bugaboo! bugaboo!

I'm not afraid of you.

I don't think so,

I don't know.

Now mother's come.

"I thought you knew," she said,

"It was a little wind that blew,

Trying to get through the garden gate,

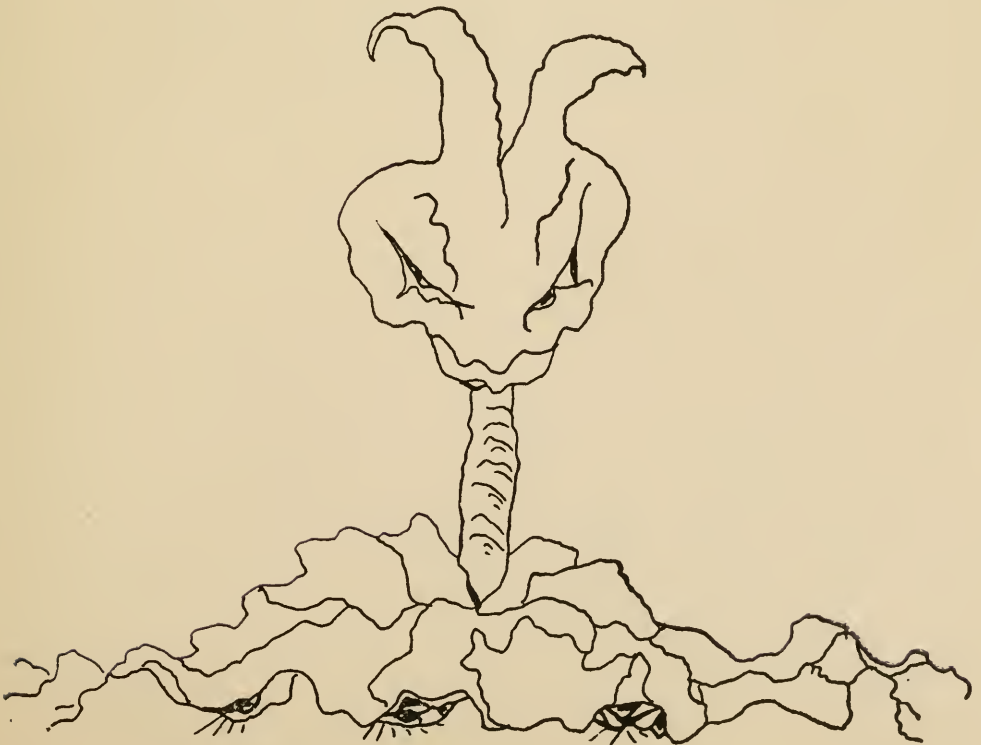
Afraid it would be late

for bed-time.

“Crying, Woo! woo! gate,
Don’t stand in my way.
Woo! woo! let me through,
I can’t wait after sunset,—
I’m afraid of bugaboos.”

Mother said I was the Bugaboo
The wind is ’fraid of:
I guess he don’t know
What I’m made of.

Come in, Bugaboo!
I’m not afraid of you.





A WALK WITH DADDY

I went to walk with Daddy
Through the fields and far away.
The sun was making shadows,
Everything was out at play.
The vines were playing tag,
They caught me by my feet,
And all the birds were singing,
Singing high and sweet.
The grass was feeling funny,
It sort of laughed at me,
And a toad came hopping after
As pleasant as could be.



FALLING OFF THE EDGE

Mother explained to me about Krupp
And everything about war,
And I gave up caring:
I loved my gun,
But I just gave it up,—
And then the war begun:
It was silly—just when I'd
decided not.

I heard Daddy talking to a man
Explaining how the war began.
Too many folks, "spansion," he said;
All those people got to go dead.
If there's too many people,
Why aren't they brave enough
To go near the edge and fall off?
They needn't go all off,—
But just save enough to start new;
That's not so much to do.
There's an edge at Dover
Where you can lie on your stomach
And look over.

THE EXPLAIN BOOK

My new flowers have bloomed.
A long while it took.
Daddy says they have a fool look.
I'm afraid he'll frighten them,
And they'll get mad and won't stay.
I don't think it's polite
To speak that way.
There's lots of things that grown-ups
say, don't seem polite:
If I said them it wouldn't be right.



Mother talked to Daddy. She said,
"You work in chemicals, so do they;
You're a business man,
And they're business flowers;
They have their work to do,—
Cherry and peach blossoms are that
way too."

She said she'd explain
When she knew more herself.
There's an explain book
In the study on the top shelf;
When she has time she'll look.



THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
Came into my room,
He came in the window way;
He got on the bed with me
And stayed till almost day.
And mother said,
“It’s what you have read,—
It stayed in your head, you see.”
Before he went out
He danced about
By the light of himself on the floor—
He danced on the top of his head.
I wish he would come some more
And dance about on the floor.
Every night when I go to bed
I try to dance on the top of my head
The man in the moon
Came into my room. .
He came in the window way.

GRAND'MÈRE

Grand'mère's come to see me
All the way from France.
She's very old and strange
 and so polite;
She is like a flower
That's most gone to seed,
Ready to bloom again—
 Almost, not quite.
She wears silken gowns,
Swishy ones that shine
Something like a fairy—
 Something, not quite.
She's something like a rose
That the leaves fell off,
Mostly gone to Heaven—
 Mostly, not quite.
Perhaps she talks with angels
In her dreams at night,
'Cause in the morning her eyes
 are shining bright.

THE THORN TREE

Oh, dear! I've had trouble
With the thorn tree.

I think he must be some
Relation to the bee,
'Cause he's got a sting
that stuck me.

Oh, dear! and my stocking's
got a hole—

Most the whole of it's a hole.

Ah, ha,—now Mother's come.

She'll be so glad

Because I didn't get scratched
bad.

STRANGE FACES

I don't know those flowers:

They have strange faces.

They've climbed up to look

over the wall.

I don't know who they are at all.

Perhaps they know some flowers inside

And want to come over and call.

I'm not going to ask them in to stay

Even if they are relations:

Mother doesn't always ask

My cousins in to play,

Often she says, "Some other day."





MIDNIGHT

The dream stopped all at once.
Mother had come into my room.
She said, "The century plant's abloom."
It was midnight, so Mother said.
She let me get out of my bed
And wrapped me soft on Daddy's arm
So that I could not come to harm,
And then we tiptoed down the stair
And caught the flower unaware.

It was the middle of the night.
The moon was shining very bright,
And all the garden was as light
as day.
And there were lanterns, too, all
Set upon the garden wall,
As if the flowers had a ball.
And then I saw a lovely sight,
For there was something big and white—
A flower that came awake at night.
I felt and felt all kinds of ways,—
It was so different from the days.
I'd like that sort of flower to be;
Folks would get up to look at me.



GROWING UP

The wind was playing with my hair.
It matches to a daffodil.—
And mother kissed me sort of still,
And said to Daddy, “Fair—how fair!
The little god.”

I didn't see him when I looked—
he wasn't there.
The sun was shining and the day
was fair.
I didn't see him; I looked everywhere.

To-morrow I am going to school,
And mother's going to bob my hair.
I'll be a grown-up.—I can't cry,
But mother does.—I wonder why.

THE SCALAWAG

I've been to school a week to-day,
And every day I've run away,—
But it's no use.
It's no use trying to be free,—
They've gone and stuck me to a tag:
 It's Scalawag.





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